

MARVEL

16

LGY#442

MacKAY
FERRY
MOORE

DOCTOR STRANGE

BLOOD HUNT

TIE-IN

RATED T+

JEFFREY VEREGGE



Jeffrey Veregge, 50, passed away April 12, 2024, after a courageous battle with lupus. A member of the Port Gamble S'Klallam Tribe, Veregge created a style he called "Salish geek," which combined Native American art, graphic design and comic-book heroes. His striking covers on *Red Wolf* and *Heroes Reborn* stood out from everything else on comic shelves. In 2018, The Smithsonian opened Veregge's exhibition "Of Gods and Heroes," which included his epic mural for the Museum of the Native American in New York. His work on comic covers and in public spaces leave a fantastic legacy that will long be remembered. Our hearts go out to his family and friends.



DOCTOR STRANGE

THIS ISSUE TAKES PLACE BETWEEN
BLOOD HUNT #3 AND #4.

PREVIOUSLY...

As Sorcerer Supreme, Stephen Strange acts as Earth's mystic defender and consultant to its heroes in all things magic. So when the skies of Earth were darkened by simultaneous eruptions of Darkforce energy, Doctor Strange realized what it was: a vampire invasion.

Unfortunately, what he didn't realize was that the vampire hunter Blade had betrayed him. Blade turned Strange, transforming him into a ravenous vampire. Luckily, Clea was able to separate Stephen's astral form from his body. But with Stephen's spirit separated from his vampirized self, a secret resident of the Sanctum has begun to scheme...

"BLOOD HUNT PT. 2"

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DOCTOR STRANGE, CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

THE CRYPT OF SHADOWS.
A SPACE HIDDEN BEHIND
THE MIRRORS OF THE
SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
THEN.

VICTOR
STRANGE.



YOU
ARE NOT
MAD, VICTOR
STRANGE.

OR
RATHER, YOUR
MADNESS AND MY
PRESENCE ARE
UNRELATED.

TELL ME,
THEN—WHO
SPEAKS?!

A
FRIEND.

I
HAVE NO
FRIENDS!

ALL I
HAVE ARE THE
STORIES.

THE
STORIES--
OF WHICH
YOU ARE
ONE.

BUT
STORIES ARE
LIES, VICTOR
STRANGE.

AND
HERE IS A
TRUTH--

--YOU
DO HAVE ONE
FRIEND.

**THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
THE LONG NIGHT, THE BLOOD HUNT,
THE END OF HUMANITY.
NOW.**

MY BROTHER'S ASTRAL SELF AND HIS WIFE
HAVE DEPARTED, SEEKING TO BEG AID FROM
THE VAINGLORIOUS EMPEROR-IN-IRON.

THE PRIEST AND THE
BEAST-WOMAN HAVE LEFT
ON THEIR OWN ERRAND,
SEEKING TO BURGLE THE
SPIRES OF THE GODS.

AND THE SHINING HOST
OF HEROES, NOW
TARNISHED, NOW DIMINISHED,
FLY INTO YET ANOTHER
DOOMED BATTLE.

NOW THE ONLY SOUL STIRRING
IN THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM,
HOLDEST OF HOLIES,
IS THE FAITHFUL RETAINER.

THOUGH IN TRUTH,
WONG'S STORY HAS ALWAYS
BEEN MORE OF THE
BELOVED BROTHER
THAN THE RETAINER.

WHICH SEALS
HIS FATE.

BECAUSE THERE
IS ONLY ROOM
FOR ONE BROTHER
IN THIS STORY.



I SHOULD
BE OUT THERE.
NOT HERE.

PANDORA AND
DOKTOR ZEE ARE
DOING WHAT THEY
CAN ON BEHALF OF
W.A.N.D.* BUT IT'S
JUST THE **TWO**
OF THEM.

I SHOULD
BE OUT
THERE.

BUT I
CAN'T.

BECAUSE
I **HAVE** TO
BE HERE.

BECAUSE
YOU'RE HERE,
AND **SOMEONE**
HAS TO LOOK AFTER
YOU, EVEN IF THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE
DONE.

*WIZARDRY ALCHEMY
NECROMANCY
DEPARTMENT. --DS

WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO
DO ABOUT THIS,
STEPHEN?

THEN.

YOU ARE
A FASCINATING
CREATURE,
VICTOR.

YOU
ARE VAMPIRE--
BUT ONE CREATED,
NOT TURNED.

YES.

THE
ACCIDENTAL
PRODUCT OF
MY BROTHER'S
GUILT.

I AM
THE SYMBOL
OF DOCTOR
STRANGE'S
FAILURES.

AND STORIES
ALWAYS DO
REQUIRE *SYMBOLS*.
DO THEY NOT?

MADE OR
TURNED. IF YOU
ARE VAMPIRE,
THEN YOU ARE
MY CHILD.

OH?

FIRST, MY
FRIEND, AND NOW
FATHER?

JUST
SO.

AND AS A
LOVING FATHER,
I COME TO YOU
WITH ADVICE...AND
A PROMISE.

AND WHICH
IS WHICH, OH
"FATHER"?

THEY ARE
ONE AND THE
SAME. SOON, OH-
SO SOON...

"...I WILL CREATE
AN OPPORTUNITY
FOR YOU, MY
BELOVED SON.

NOW.

I WILL
FIND A WAY
TO FIX YOU,
STEPHEN.

"YOU WILL SEE
ME STRIKE AT
YOUR BROTHER.

I SWORE
TO PROTECT
THE SORCERER
SUPREME.

"I WILL BE CLEARING THE
WAY FOR YOU. TO CLOTHE
YOUR UNQUIET SPIRIT IN
FLESH ONCE MORE."

AND I
HAVE BEEN
DOING A POOR
JOB OF IT.

BUT I
WILL FIX
THIS.

OH, I
DON'T KNOW,
WONG.



STEPHEN!

NO.

THIS...
THIS DOESN'T
FOOL ME.

BUT YOU'RE
NOT **TRYING**
TO FOOL ME,
ARE YOU?

NO.

THERE
WOULD BE
POTENTIAL FOR A
CERTAIN MELODRAMA...
BUT THIS ISN'T THAT
KIND OF STORY.

NO.

THIS IS A
HORROR
STORY.

AN EIGHTY-
MINUTE DRIVE-IN
BLOODBATH.

BRUTAL
AND **SHORT**
AND **UGLY.**

THEN.

ARE YOU
FRIGHTENED,
VICTOR?

OF LEAVING
THE CRYPT OF
SHADOWS AFTER
SO LONG?

NO.

I SHOULD
BE, BUT I'M
NOT.

I'VE SPENT
SO LONG HERE
THAT I'M NO LONGER
WHAT I WAS.

I'M
NOT A REAL
PERSON
ANYMORE,
AM I?

I'M A
STORY.

YES.

BUT THE
VAMPIRE ALWAYS
HAS BEEN.

WE WERE
BORN IN WORDS
OF BLOOD FIRST
WRITTEN IN THE DAYS
OF OLD ATLANTIS, WHEN
THE DARKHOLD WAS
PENNEED.

AND A
STORY WANTS
MORE THAN
ANYTHING TO
BE TOLD.

WHO
ARE YOU?

SOME
ERRANT SPIRIT?
A FOOLHARDY
DEMON?

THIS IS THE
BODY OF THE
SORCERER SUPREME,
YOU FOOL!

YOU *WOUND*
ME, WONG. TREATING
ME AS IF I WERE A
STRANGER RATHER
THAN A *STRANGE*.

A HINT,
PERHAPS...THE LAST
TIME YOU AND I MET,
OUR POSITIONS WERE
REVERSED—

—ME
IN MY OWN
FLESH AND STEPHEN
INHABITING
YOURS.*

*SEE DOCTOR STRANGE: SORCERER SUPREME #561 —DS

VICTOR.

VICTOR
STRANGE.

AND YET
STRANGELY
NOT.

THE
WAY YOU
SPEAK—



I HAVE
CHANGED,
WONG.

HAVE *BEEEN*
CHANGED.

MY ROLE IN
THIS STORY IS NO
LONGER THE TORTURED
LITTLE BROTHER—A
MINOR ROLE IN THE
HERO'S STORY
AT BEST.

NO.

NOW
I AM THE
VILLAIN.



THE SWAGGERING
VAMPIRE. URBANE,
WELL-SPOKEN, CLAD IN
A BILLOWING SHIRT,
CLUTCHING A GOBLET
FILLED WITH AN
INDETERMINATE
RED.

STORIES
CHANGE IN THE
TELLING.

AND
SO DO
I.



YOU ARE
INSANE---



SANITY,
INSANITY...

...THOSE
ARE WORDS
FOR PEOPLE,
WONG.

NOT
ONE SUCH
AS I.

YOU--

VICTOR, YOU
KILLED YOURSELF
SO AS NOT TO TAKE
ANOTHER LIFE!

EVEN IN THE
THROES OF BLOODLUST,
YOU HAD A CORE
OF GOODNESS--OF
DETERMINATION!



BUT THE SPELLS MY
BROTHER CAST
UPON ME WERE TOO
POWERFUL FOR DEATH
TO TAKE HOLD OF ME!
I WAS **REBORN**,
WONG!

AS A
GHOST, A
SPECTER, A
DRIFTING WRAITH
IN THE CRYPT OF
SHADOWS!

IMPRISONED
BEHIND THE
MIRRORS OF
THIS HOME!



ALONE.

ALONE,
SAVE FOR THE
STORIES.



STEPHEN
MOURNED
YOU. WE
ALL DID.







HELP
ME!

IT WAS
MY BROTHER'S
HELP THAT MADE
ME INTO
THIS!



ALL
THE HELP
I NEEDED,
WONG...
I
HAVE BEEN
GIVEN.



YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT
BLADE.

YOU
COLLUDED
WITH HIM?! HE
WOULD DOOM
THE WORLD!



YES.
AND, WONG?




YOU'RE
PULLING YOUR
PUNCHES.



EURGH...

YOU
WERE RIGHT, OF
COURSE.



YOU ARE
MY BETTER IN
EVERY ASPECT OF
THIS FIGHT.

ALL BUT
ONE.

MY NERVE
OUTSTRIPS YOURS.
MY WILL EXCEEDS
YOUR OWN.



I
MAY BE THE
VILLAIN...

...BUT THE
BEST VILLAINS
POSSESS A CERTAIN
SENSE OF FAIR
PLAY.




SO
STRIKE.



MY HEART,
EXPOSED.



A STAKE
OF GOOD
ASH IN YOUR
HAND.



STRIKE!



I...

I...



I
CAN'T.





SO
LET'S SAVE
THE DAY.

TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT:

DOCTOR STRANGE #17



FRIEND TURNED FOE!

As the Blood Hunt tie-in rumbles toward its blood-chilling conclusion, Wong must stalk the monster that his closest friend has become. Even if he can overcome the beast, can Wong bring himself to put down Stephen Strange? Is there anyone the agent of W.A.N.D. can turn to, or has the Sanctum Sanctorum become a killing jar?

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